

COURRIER DES DAMES.

THE FASHIONS.—The following are the directions:—

1. BLACK VELVET BASQUE. Made out of black velvet with lustre lining and thin cotton-wool basting. The trimming is composed of pearls and double border of feathers and wool. The hat and muff are likewise trimmed with plumes.

2. FLOWER HEAD-DRESS WITH PLUMES. Our illustration consists of two roses, one a simple rose and the other a tea-rose, with dark foliage and a *pleureuse*.

3. HEAD-DRESS WITH BOWS AND AIGRETTE. The bows may be made of dark-blue velvet or reps. The aigrette may be constructed of round, long, blue glass-beads.

4. HEAD-DRESS WITH POUFFS AND BRAIDS. On the front of the head or *toupet* there are pouffs of hair; on the top there are braids ranged in order or ranks. The back hair falls natural or loose on the neck.

5. HEAD-DRESS WITH LONG LOCKS. This style is particularly becoming young girls. The crown is lofty, resting on triple cords of braid, and set off by a broad bow of ribbon at the back. The locks consist of the border hair under the side hair, and connected with the remaining back hair.

6. GATHERED WAIST-SKIRT. Dress of bright blue taffeta with corn-yellow edgings or braid. The under waist and shoulder sleeves are of blue and yellow silk.

7-8. MANTLE OVERDRESS. This beautiful mantle pattern fits tightly at the waist, and tucks up at the sides. It may be made of velvet or cloth. The trimming, in the smaller illustration, is of fourfold braid. Hat and muff to match are of yellow-brown and black fur, such as lynx and bear, with black velvet band and bow. The buttons of the mantle are of oxydised metal.

9. WAIST-SKIRT. Very simple and elegant, made out of cloth without much garniture. Whatever trimmings may be introduced in the shape of bows on the sides should be of velvet, corresponding in shade with the skirt itself.

WHAT TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS.—Give them a good substantial common education. Teach them to darn stockings and sew on buttons. Teach them how to make shirts. Teach them how to make bread. Teach them all the mysteries of the kitchen, the dining-room, and the parlor. Teach them that the more one lives within his income the more he will save. Teach them that the further one lives beyond his income the nearer he gets to the poor house. Teach them to wear calico dresses—and to do it like queens. Teach them that a rosy romp is worth fifty delicate consumptives. Teach them to wear thick warm shoes. Teach them to foot up store bills. Teach them that God made them in his own image, and that no amount of tight-lacing will improve the model. Teach them every day, hard, practical, common sense. Teach them self reliance. Teach them that a good steady mechanic, without a cent, is worth a dozen oily-pates in broad cloth. Teach them not not to have anything to do with intemperance and dissolute young men. Teach them accomplishments—music, painting, drawing, etc., if you have the time and money to it with. Teach them not to paint and powder. Teach them to regard the morals, not the money of their beaux. Teach them to attend to the essential requisites of a useful life—truth, honesty, uprightness—then at a suitable time to marry. Rely upon it, that upon your teaching depends in a great measure the weal or woe of their after life.

THE BEST EDUCATION.—Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of their parents what they deem it drudgery to study in books; and even if they have the misfortune to be deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening daily to the conversation of intelligent people. We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home among their own children. If they have not mental activity and mental stores sufficiently for both, let them first use what they have for their own household. A silent house is a dull place for young people, a place from which they will escape if they can. How much useful information, or the other hand, is often given in pleasant family conversation, and what unconscious but excellent mental training in lively social argument. Cultivate to the utmost all the graces of home conversation.

MOTHER.—Mother is a word to which every bosom responds. It finds its way to our hearts in our youth and retains its hold upon us in our age. If fathers are looked up to for precept, principle and example, mothers are relied on for tenderness and enduring affection. Fathers are strongholds of safety, mothers are sources of love and consolation. The word "mother" is as a soft, balmy breeze coming up from the valley, sweet, soothing and grateful, cooling the fevered brow, calming the ruffled spirit, and tranquilizing the agitated heart. What voice was ever like the tender, soft voice of a mother?

WHO NOT TO MARRY.—Don't marry a man who wears an eyeglass, or tight boots with high heels, who curls his hair or moustache, who puts scent in his whiskers, or who bleaches his eyelids, cuts his finger-nails long and pointed, carefully cut in an almond shape, who wears four-button gloves, takes six and three-quarters, and tells you so, who, if he is dark, wears a red

cravat, if he be fair a sky-blue one—there is no surer indication of a man's character than his necktie—I always look at that first; who has enamelled visiting-cards and a brilliant monogram and who always wears a rosebud in his button-hole.

Don't marry a man who keeps bulldogs. He is sure to be like them.

Don't marry a man who gets up early. Nothing makes a person so insufferably conceited.

Don't marry a man whom nobody ever says any evil of. Be sure that he is a poor creature.

Don't marry a good-natured man. Good nature is to a man what the gilt-leaf with which naughty boys sometimes adorn a sparrow is to that unhappy bird. All other sparrows surround and peck at him.

POWER OF GENTLENESS.—No bad man is ever brought to repentance by angry words—by bitter, scornful reproaches. He fortifies himself against reproof, and hurls back foul charges in the face of his accuser. Yet, guilty and hardened as he seems, he has a heart in his bosom, and may be melted to tears by a gentle voice. Whoso, therefore, can restrain his disposition to blame and find fault, and can bring himself down to a fallen brother, will soon find a way to better feelings within. Pity and patience are the two keys which unlock the human heart. They who have been most successful labourers among the poor and vicious have been the most forbearing.

WHAT THE HEART IS.—The heart is like a plant in the tropics, which all the year round is bearing flowers, and ripening seeds, and letting them fly. It is shaking off memories and dropping associations. The joys of last year are ripe seeds that will come up in joy again next year. Thus the heart is planting seeds in every nook and corner; and as a wind which serves to prostrate a plant is only a sower coming forth to sow its seeds, planting some of them in rocky crevices, some by river courses, some among mossy stones, some by warm hedges, and some in garden and open field, so it is with our experiences of life that sway and bow us either with joy or sorrow. They plant everything round about us with heart seeds. Thus a house becomes sacred. Every room hath a memory, and a thousand of them; every door and window is clustered with associations.

PUNCTUALITY.—Punctuality is not a large sounding word, hence not a few of us are inclined to undervalue its importance; yet this is wrong, for to punctuality we owe, in a measure, our success in many an undertaking. Not a few of those who have arisen to eminence have attributed their advancement to their punctuality. And in that character, which we love best to cultivate, we find it an adorning trait. The punctuality of Washington is proverbial. It is said of George III. that an appointment was never ahead of him; of Nelson, that one always found him waiting; and with Admiral Napier punctuality was a cardinal virtue. It may seem of little moment to be punctual, but, to use the words of an eminent theologian, "our life is made up of little things." Our attention to them is the index of our character, often the scales by which it is weighed. Punctuality requires no undue exertion, and its influence is a most salutary one. Its cultivation seems the more important as we witness the deleterious influence of dilatoriousness in habit, the evil effect of which none deny. "Better late than never," transformed into "Better never late," is an excellent maxim. Whether we move in the higher walks of life, or tread the quiet paths of humble pursuits, punctuality amply repays us for what little effort we make in its cultivation, and many it has richly rewarded. Allied to perseverance and industry, it will crown life with success.

A NOBLE PRIMA DONNA.

Lucy H. Hooper writes to the Philadelphia Press from Paris: "Does any one of our opera-goers remember Miss Elise Hensler, who some years ago made her appearance on our operatic boards, and who, after a brief season of success, sailed for Europe and returned no more. She is now, under the title of the Countess d'Edla, the wife of Don Ferdinand, the ex-King of Portugal. I remember seeing her on the occasion of her debut in New York, when she personated, if I remember rightly, *Donna Elvira*, in 'Don Giovanni.' She was a tall and handsome young girl then, with most beautiful dark-blue eyes and a certain womanly grace of demeanour which was very attractive. She is said to fill her new position in society most admirably, and to grace it by reason of her charms and her talents. Turn to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' that chronicle of royalty, and there will her name be found inscribed side by side with those of true royal blood, which is a tolerably long step in the social scale for an American actress to achieve. Lately, when passing through Paris, she and her royal spouse went to pay a visit to the Baron de S—, who possesses a superb collection of antique gems, medals, &c., and who is a personal friend of King Ferdinand's. While there, the lady expressed her admiration of an exquisite antique cameo, which, mounted as a scarf pin, occupied a conspicuous post in one of the cases devoted to the collection. 'If the King will permit me, Madame,' said the Baron, 'I shall be only too happy to offer it for your acceptance as a *souvenir* of this visit.' Permission was graciously accorded, and the pin was placed in the lady's hands. With her sweetest smile she unclasped the brooch of fine pearls which fastened her shawl, threw it out of the open window, and replaced it by the Baron's gift. Was there ever a more graceful, if costly, compliment paid to the giver of a present?"

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

OUR CARTOON.—The election in Montreal West has had an interest far beyond the limits of the city. It was looked forward to with the utmost eagerness all over the country. There are two reasons for this, first, the importance of the constituency, which is the largest in the Dominion, and secondly, the squareness of the issue, Mr. Fred MacKenzie being a devoted friend of the Government, and Mr. Thomas White, an open opponent of the same. In view of these facts, we have chosen it as the representative type of a Parliamentary duel, and we think our readers will allow that the artist of the News has done justice to the subject. We are indebted to W. Sawyer for the photograph of Mr. MacKenzie, and to Notman's for those of Mr. White, Hon. Mr. Penny, Mr. McCord, Mr. Perry and Mr. Davidson.

MONTREAL FIRE DEPARTMENT.—Everything considered, the Fire Brigade of Montreal may be said to compare favourably with that of any city on this continent. Thanks to the Fire Committees which have succeeded each other in the City Council, its equipment has been thorough, while its efficiency is due to the zeal and activity of the men. Residents in large cities like Montreal are too apt to overlook the immense obligations under which they lie towards their firemen.

As the present writer had lately occasion to say:—

Honour to the brave,
Who risk their lives to save
Our loved ones and our homes from fire!
In the murky depths of night
In the stillly solitude
Of sleep,
They keep
Sharp watches and they brood
With bended ear and sight
Over the least alarm
Of harm;
And they never, never tire!
When the lurid flames shoot high,
Veiling the starry sky,
And cinders fly like rain
Blown in a hurricane;
When the infant's cry rings shrill,
And the mother, kneeling wild
Upon the window sill,
With long hair disarrayed,
Calls out for manly aid
To save her burning child;
When strong men in their fright
Circled by walls of fire,
Forget their mind and might,
And sink upon the floor,
As victims on a pyre,
To rise no more;
Who come like lightning sped,
With strong arm and bright eye,
With stout heart and cool head,
The fiery beast to tame,
And rescue from the flame,
The souls that else would die!
OUR FIREMEN!
Honour and guerdon then
To heroes such as these;
Grudge not a paltry wage
To cheer their hours of ease,
And to assuage
Their illness or old age.

L. O. LORANGER.—This gentleman who represents the St. Louis ward in the City Council of Montreal, is an advocate of extensive practice, and a gentleman of the highest social standing. As a Municipal Officer, no member bears a better reputation for honour, ability and moderation than Alderman Loranger. On the nomination of Mr. Betournay to a Judgeship in Manitoba, he was raised to the onerous and responsible position of Chairman of the Fire Committee. What he has accomplished in that position, during the past three years, is well-known to every citizen of Montreal. By calculation, by consultation, by official visits to the United States, he has managed to discover what his Department lacked, and by his great and persistent influence in the City Council, he has succeeded in supplying the deficiencies. Babcocks, Skinner-ladders, a second steam engine, new hose and a variety of other apparatus were secured by him, and he has further laboured in improving the efficiency of the men themselves.

ALEXANDER BERTRAM. This gentleman is perhaps the oldest permanent paid Chief Engineer in America. He was born in Scotland and settled in Montreal in 1834, where, on his arrival, he attached himself to the Volunteer Fire Department, then in existence. In 1841, the town was incorporated and a better system of fire practice was originated under the late Mr. Bronsdon. The men were paid so much for each fire. At that time, Mr. Bertram attached himself to No. 4 Engine Company, under the late Capt. Brown. Shortly afterward, he was appointed Branchman, a position which he held for about a year, when he was raised to a Lieutenantcy, then a Captaincy. He served in that capacity till 1849, when he was named Assistant Engineer. In 1852, he was called to be Chief Engineer, and immediately set about the work of reform. Instead of depending on carters' horses to take engines and reels to fires, he had horses belonging to the corporation attached to each Station. About the time that the new waterworks were projected, his great desire was to disband the volunteer department and have a permanent paid brigade. This he finally succeeded in obtaining by having the number reduced, and at the completion of the present waterworks, the brigade was decreased from over 300 to 39 men and then regularly salaried. In 1873 the department was raised to 56 men, with one Chief, 3 Assistants, and one hose maker. Mr. Bertram was also a strong advocate of the Fire Alarm Telegraph which was put in full operation in 1863. Our worthy Chief is still hale and hearty, always at his post, beloved by all his men, and known throughout Canada and the United States as a representative fireman.

WILLIAM ORNE McROBIE. This splendid fireman was born in Perth, Scotland, on the 8th January 1837. His father was a prominent citizen of that city and member of the Municipal Council. William emigrated in 1850 to Montreal, and in 1851, joined the volunteer Fire Department as torch boy in the Queen, No. 5 Engine Company. He was put on the full strength of the department in 1853, at the age of 16, although the age fixed by law was 18. In 1857, he was named assistant Branchman to No. 3 Coy. In 1860 when the Fire Brigade was re-organised, he received the appointment of No. 2 Station, in Court House Square. In 1871, he was promoted to the Captaincy of the Salvage corps.

Among the portraits of other gentlemen connected with the Fire Department of this city, we had intended to have presented that of ALFRED PERRY, Esq, so long and favourably known as a leading spirit of "Montreal Firemen," and to have accompanied it with an extended biography of this eventful life. Mr. Perry is at this time the General Manager of the "Royal Canadian Insurance Company," a flourishing institution founded mainly through his personal influence and exertions. A full account of his career has been prepared for this paper but we have been compelled to defer its publication with the portrait to our next issue.

NUREMBERG.—Every visitor to Europe is acquainted with this interesting old city, the toy market of Germany, and one of the most remarkable specimens of mediæval antiquity. To the literary man, it is likewise dear for the memory of Han Sachs and other ancient worthies whom Longfellow has immortalized in one of his earliest poems.

FIRE AT YOUNG'S ELEVATOR.—A fire on the night of the 1st inst, destroyed J. M. Young's elevator, on the canal basin, Montreal. It originated in the lower flat and took full possession of the lower and bins before the firemen could get at it. The fire was a magnificent spectacle, and attracted an immense crowd of spectators. Loss \$30,000 fully covered by insurance. Peck and Benny's nail works had a narrow escape, as also the steamer *Charlotte* which was frozen up in the basin opposite. The firemen were much endangered by the fall of the elevator tower. Two were burned badly by the iron plates on the roof getting red hot, curling up and falling.

ROYAL YACHT CLUB BALL.—The annual ball of the Royal Canadian Yacht Club took place at Toronto, on the night of the 23rd ult. It is said to have surpassed anything ever witnessed in the great Ontario metropolis. The place chosen was the Grand Opera House. That beautiful building had been for the night turned into a most magnificent ball room. A temporary floor extended over the stage and the tops of the parquette chairs back as far as the balcony, and around it for the safety of the dancers was a light railing. Above the stage was erected a marquee with both ends open. Inside the imitation drapery of the proscenium flags were suspended. Well back towards the rear of the stage a scene representing a cataract in the foreground, with mountains further back, was set. On the arrival of the guests, they were received by the Commodore and Vice-Commodore of the club. In the course of the evening an excellent supper was served. The band, a very fine one, occupied a position in the balcony, and this portion of the house was the resort during the evening, of a great many who could there enjoy a quiet chat and watch the throng below. The upper gallery had its occupants, chiefly ladies and gentlemen who had come to see much more than to be seen, being in their ordinary costumes. The boxes were also filled during the evening. The conventional black uniforms of the gentlemen were varied by a great many of the handsome gold ornamented ones of the members of the Yacht Club. On the following gentlemen devolved the duty of conducting the ball—Dr. Spragge, W. Armstrong, S. T. Robertson, Capt. Wyatt, J. H. Biscoe, J. Ford, and W. Baines.

NEW MUSIC.

As we have concluded arrangements to make musical criticism a special department of the News, it is a source of gratification that the compositions, submitted to us this week for review, are worthy of commendation. In every young country where the taste for high art needs to be cultivated, criticism should be genial and not unnecessarily severe. While, therefore, we shall have no patience with trifling compositions, or pieces that have no claims but pretension and effrontery, we shall always be pleased to say a good word for honourable endeavour, and help all we can the cause of genuine merit.

To-day we acknowledge receipt, from the well-known firm of Louis Meyer, Philadelphia, of the following pieces. They are for sale by C. C. DeZouche & Co., of Montreal:

AVE MARIA. Quartette in F, by R. Zeckwer. A good composition, not difficult, and well adapted for choirs.

ECHOES. Solo and chorus, by A. Loumey. This composition has merit, but its defect is a little monotony.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE NIGHTINGALE. This is also by Loumey. The song is plain, not difficult, and melodious.

CERTAINTY. By F. Abt. A very good and effective song.

THE STAR. By Karl Collan. A pleasing song from the North.

VIRTUOSO MARCH, for the piano, by A. Loumey. An easy march, which will hardly have the effect on the player and listener represented by the title page.